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# A. S. HARTRICK

(1864-1950)

A

## MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

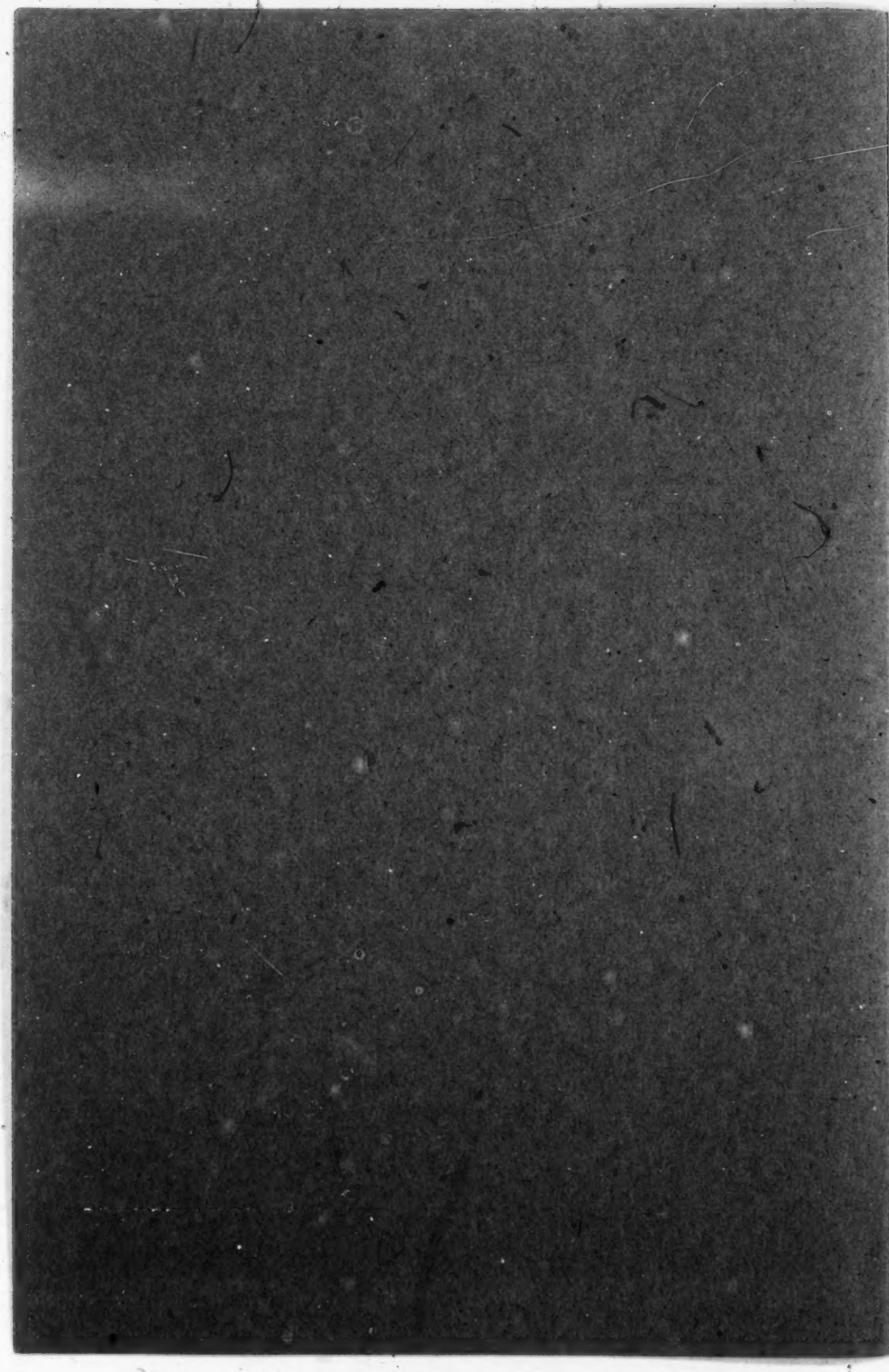
OF

PAINTINGS

DRAWINGS

LITHOGRAPHS

THE ARTS COUNCIL
1951



# FOREWORD

SOME artists are but little known in their day, even by those members of the public who are interested in art, their fame does not spread beyond a number of connoisseurs and personal friends. A. S. Hartrick was one of these. He died in 1950, and the Arts Council has decided to make this memorial exhibition of a delightful artist, who showed such delicacy and sensibility in his drawing and watercolours, and was such an accomplished craftsman as a lithographer, so that he may be more widely appreciated. We are grateful to the Misses Black and to Mrs. Treasure, the artist's legatees, who have placed the works left by him on his death at our disposal. Again the generosity of owners both public and private whose names are given in the index is gratefully acknowledged. Mr. Vincent Lines, who was a pupil of Hartrick's at the Central School of Arts and Crafts and knew him well since that time, has greatly helped in organising the exhibition, which has been undertaken largely at his suggestion, and in the preparation of the catalogue. The Council is also grateful to Mr. Arnold Palmer for his short intimate memoir of a personal friend.

# INTRODUCTION

*by Arnold Palmer*

IN Paris, in his early days, he had known Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec, known them well and drawn and painted them, and this seemed to set him apart from other men, making him, at our end of the story, so remote, and from the other end making them, in Browning's word, so "new." Strangers who had heard of it would ask incredulously if it were true; and it had another effect, also. Except for a few contemporaries, fellow professionals and people of eminence, everyone, even his friends, called him Mr. Hartrick. In view of the great age he attained this was natural for the youngsters under fifty, but those of us who were not so far behind him, who did not wish to lock him up in a depopulated generation, still found it hard to call him Hartrick to his face. I taught myself to write to him "Dear Hartrick," but in his presence my tongue refused to do its office and I would be driven to "cher maître" and other arch and embarrassing evasions. There were those tremendous ghosts, his friends, looking anything but my dear Lautrec, Gauguin or Van Gogh. (Nor did he, who had known him, pronounce Van Gogh as you and I, who never knew him, are wont to do. He called him Van Gog.)

Yet there never was a man less difficult of approach, more friendly, more unassuming or, until you looked

him in the face, less imposing. He was very short and strongly built, a round little man ; and in the street where, as with so many people who matter, he was inconspicuous, he seemed to roll along like a ball. A good story, too, his or yours, would set him rolling in his chair. His bright eyes were very dark brown, nearly black, his complexion sallow—he was born in Calcutta —and beneath his moustache he wore an imperial, a tufty relic, I daresay, of youthful admiration of Whistler. His head was a good shape and his features well formed, with a quiet, serious expression capable of sudden warmth and animation. One could not help wishing, often, that those famous friends of his had drawn him while he was painting them. Possibly they did.

I mentioned just now the young and the comparatively young artists of our time. On many of the most distinguished of them he had a deep and lasting influence, intellectual, technical, affectionate ; and I hope I am betraying no secrets and hurting no feelings, in saying that, of all those who sat at his feet, Thomas Hennell, was the closest. They were in complete sympathy, the repositories of one another's beliefs and ideals, and when Hennell was killed by the Indonesian rabble in an hotel garden in Sourabaya, I think life ended for Hartrick, too. He was, it is true, already 80, but he came from a long-lived family, and I remember him telling me of an aunt of his who, finding him seriously indisposed, had given him a sharp reminder that " Hartricks can only be killed with hatchets." Hennell's death was his hatchet. The blow

did not, as we feared, fell him to the ground—he was made of sterner stuff than that—but he began quickly to look his age, to falter. Seated among his pictures and portfolios in his little studio in Fulham, his skull-cap on his head and a rug round his knees, his breath emerging and rising in visible, white puffs, he survived those early, fireless months of 1947, fatal to so many of his contemporaries, and presently he was resuming his walks abroad and alone, arriving unannounced and rather exhausted at the houses of his friends, where he could sit and rest and talk of Hennell or David Jones or Vincent Lines or of Crawhall and the old days. He had no telephone and sometimes, of course, he found doors closed, and he had to make the journey home again without his rest. Then once, if not twice, the overhasty ringing of a conductor's bell threw him from a bus. Then, at last, came the nursing home, far from his accustomed surroundings, not very accessible for the friends whose visits were now his chief solace. His books were a comfort to him, but his faithful pencil could no more. He had not touched it for months when, one day, he picked it up, bidding me turn my head and keep still. It was the last time he touched it, I imagine. After twenty minutes it fell from his exhausted hand.

When a man lives to be well over 80 there is no one left to tell the story of his life. After those early days in Paris came the long middle years, when he taught, wrote, illustrated books and did such work as came his way, but never lost his essential thread or lowered his gaze. He was 70 before I met him, and that, for

most people, is apt to be a saddening age. It was not so for him. Inevitably, in one of his letters, there is a reference to the loss of old friends, but what follows is the reverse of inevitable. " I am truly thankful," he went on, " to find myself with new ones just as kind and in some ways more appreciative of my work." Those last five words are revealing. Many artists, outliving a generation which recognised them, end their day amid strangers, ignored, rejected, even mocked. Hartrick's life was of a different shape. The world kept him waiting a very long while, through all his active years, as if relying on a longevity it had no right to assume ; but it was beginning to notice him, and he must have known that Fame was coming and, in that assurance, he must have been able to regard with comparative indifference its rate of progress. He would have enjoyed, too, the final irony of all such cases, including his own—I mean, of course, that the best notices he ever got were his obituary notices.

Among all the English artists of his day there is no better, no surer, example of the *petit maître*. His quiet work, as has been said, was slow to make an impression and earn a reputation ; indeed, no other artist so respected, admired and looked up to in his profession was so little known to the public, even the art-loving and gallery-visiting public, and it must be said, too, that the dealers made no discernible efforts to dispel the prevailing ignorance. He made his own way and it was the hard way, and he would never have made it but for his tenacious character and his beautiful, personal gift. He saw scores of artists startling the

world into acknowledgment of their prowess, but he can only have wondered, knowing that their methods were not for him. If he was, as naturally he was, glad to be discovered in the end, he would have died rather than do anything, personally or professionally, to help the explorers ; and had they never found him his temper would not have been soured. Half-a-dozen friends were enough to keep him warm, he did not shiver for the crowd. When, right at the end of his life, he was awarded the O.B.E., he was as proud and pleased as a child ; for a few days he could be coaxed, like a child, into wearing it for tea ; yet even plainer than his delight was his astonishment. A very simple, sensitive man, completely genuine, free from alloy, steady as a rock—such he was and such, in his pictures, he is. But there is more, much more, in them than that ; more too, than subjects for discussion, points for comparison. First and last there is, " all words forgotten," the magic.

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# CATALOGUE

ALL pictures are lent by the legatees of A. S. Hartrick unless otherwise stated.

## OIL PAINTINGS

1 **Pont Aven** (*1886*)
Oil on canvas. 5 × 9½ ins.

2 **The Back of Gauguin's Studio, Pont Aven** (*1886*)
Oil on canvas. 18¼ × 23¼ ins.

3 **Cotswold Ewe-Pen** (*c. 1906*)
Oil on canvas. 11¾ × 19¾ ins.

4 **The Siesta** (*1912*)
Oil on canvas. 20½ × 32 ins.

## DRAWINGS AND WATERCOLOURS

5 **Portrait of E. J. Sullivan** (*1890*)
Watercolour. 8 × 6 ins.
Lent by Hastings Museum and Art Gallery.

6 **Javelin Men at Kirkcudbright** (*c. 1892*, finished *1935*)
Watercolour, pen and chalk. 8½ × 6¾ ins.

7 **Salmon Fisherman** (*c. 1898*, worked upon in *1942*)
Reproduced in "The British People," Collins.
Watercolour and pen. 9 × 6 ins.
Lent by Charles Cundall, Esq., R.A.

8 **The Penitents' Bench** (*c. 1902*)
Chalk and pen. 9⅝ × 13⅝ ins.
Lent by the Tate Gallery.

9 **The Man with the Breast-Plough** (*1902–3*)
Pastel. 19 × 22¾ ins.

## *COTSWOLD TYPES* (*1895–1909*)

Lent by the Trustees of the British Museum.

10 **Tom Fry, the Old English Yeoman** (*1895*)
Coloured chalks. $13\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$ ins.

11 **Bill Fry, the Ploughman** (*1897*)
Coloured chalks. $13\frac{15}{16} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

12 **Fred Cam, the Farmer's Boy** (*1897*)
Coloured chalks. $13\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

13 **O. W. Ikey, the Sexton** (*1898*)
Coloured chalks. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

14 **Billy Hurcombe. "The Son of the Prodigal"** (*1906*)
Chalk and watercolour. $15\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ ins.

15 **Job Pullen, the Hedger and Ditcher** (*1909*)
Coloured chalks. $15 \times 10\frac{3}{8}$ ins.

16 **The Man with the Wassail Bowl**
Chalk and watercolour. $13\frac{7}{8} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$ ins.

17 **To the Harvest Field** (*c. 1904*)
Pastel. $13\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

18 **The Breast-Plough, Tresham** (*c. 1905*)
Watercolour and gouache $14\frac{1}{4} \times 19$ ins.
Lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

19 **A Cotswold Shepherd, calling his sheep home after a squall** (*c. 1908*)
Watercolour and pen. $14\frac{3}{4} \times 20\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

20 **The Song of the Wassaillers** (*c. 1910*)
Pen and chalk on blue paper. $11\frac{3}{4} \times 19\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

21 **Crimean Veteran** (*1911*)
Pencil, black chalk and sanguine. $11\frac{7}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ ins.
Lent by Charles Cundall, Esq., R.A.

22 **Children play-acting near Girvan** (*c. 1912*)
Chalk. $11\frac{3}{4} \times 18$ ins.

23 **A Shepherd** (*c. 1914*)
Illustration to "The Lake District" by Nancy Price.
Chalk and wash. $16 \times 10$ ins.

24 **Packing T.N.T.** (*1917*)
Chalk, pen and wash. $13 \times 19\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

25 **The Underground in an Air Raid** (*1918*)
Pencil, chalk and wash. $10\frac{1}{8} \times 16$ ins.
Lent by Philip Connard, Esq., R.A.

26 **Scotch Tinkers** (*c. 1922*)
Pencil and watercolour. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Lent by the Hastings Museum and Art Gallery.

27 **A Cotswold Garden** (*c. 1925*)
Watercolour. $14\frac{3}{4} \times 22\frac{1}{4}$ ins.
Lent by Miss Isabel Wrightson.

28 **Donkeys on the Sands** (*1925*)
Watercolour. $9\frac{3}{8} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Lent by Lady Patricia Ramsay.

29 **Beach Scene in Somerset** (*c. 1926*)
Pencil, pen, chalk and watercolour.
$8\frac{3}{8} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Lent by Miss Isabel Wrightson.

30 **On the Beach at Portishead** (*c. 1926*)
Reed-pen, touched with watercolour.
$4\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ ins.
Lent by Miss Isabel Wrightson.

31 **The Mill Pool** (*c. 1926*)
Watercolour. $9\frac{5}{8} \times 12\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Lent by L. G. Duke, Esq., C.B.E.

32 **Wassail Bowl** (*c. 1927*)
Watercolour and pen. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 21\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Lent by Mrs. Sybil Glanfield.

33 **Portrait of a Girl** (*c. 1927*)
Pen, chalk and watercolour. 13½ × 11 ins.

34 **Summer Storm, Trawlers running for Shelter** (*c. 1927*)
Pen, watercolour and gouache. 15 × 21½ ins.

35 **The Pensioners** (*c. 1928*)
Watercolour. 10 × 8 ins.
Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B.

36 **Old Willow Tree** (*c. 1928*)
Watercolour. 12½ × 17¾ ins.
Lent by Mrs. Antoinette Clarke.

37 **The Road to Glastonbury** (*c. 1928*)
Watercolour. 15 × 22 ins.

38 **The Harbour, Old Clevedon, Somerset** (*c. 1928*)
Watercolour and pen. 14¼ × 21 ins.
Lent by Vincent Lines, Esq.

39 **The Wall** (*c. 1928*)
Pen, chalk and watercolour. 8 × 6¼ ins.

40 **Apple Tree at Cleeve Hill** (*c. 1929*)
Watercolour. 10⅜ × 15 ins.
Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B.

41 **Starlings** (*c. 1930*)
Watercolour. 13½ × 18 ins.
Lent by Sir Kenneth Clark, K.C.B.

42 **Golden Cap, Lyme Regis** (*c. 1930*)
Watercolour. 15 × 21 ins.

43 **Lyme Regis** (*c. 1930*)
Watercolour. 15 × 21 ins.

44 **Twilight over the Severn Valley** (*c. 1930*)
Watercolour. 10¾ × 15 ins.
Lent by Miss Rachel Palmer.

45 **Where the Road Divides** (*c. 1930*)
Pen and watercolour. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

46 **Deer in Richmond Park** (*c. 1931*)
Pen, watercolour and gouache. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$ ins.
Lent by Mrs. Antoinette Clarke.

47 **The Canal Bridge** (*1931*)
Watercolour. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{8}$ ins.
Lent by Lady Patricia Ramsay.

48 **The Fountain** (*c. 1932*)
Pen and wash. $6 \times 8$ ins.
Lent by the Hon. Arnold Palmer.

49 **Portrait of J. Crawhall** (*c. 1935*)
Chalk and watercolour. $6\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ ins.
Lent by Charles Cundall, Esq., R.A.

50 **The Severn Bore at Stonebend** (*c. 1936*)
Pen and gouache. $9 \times 16$ ins.

51 **An Orchard in the Vale of Evesham** (*c. 1936*)
Watercolour. $11 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

52 **Portrait of Paul Gauguin** (*c. 1937*)
Pen and watercolour. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 12$ ins.
Lent by the Glasgow Art Gallery.

53 **Putney Bridge** (*c. 1937*)
Watercolour. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$ ins.
Lent by L. G. Duke, Esq., C.B.E.

54 **Portrait of David Jones** (*1940*)
Chalk, pen and watercolour. $11 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Lent by the Trustees of the British Museum.

55 **Mother and Daughter** (c. *1941*)
Watercolour and reed-pen. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 10$ ins.
Lent by the Hastings Museum and Art Gallery.

56 **Portrait of Thomas Hennell** (*1942*)
Chalk, pen and watercolour. $10\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{3}{8}$ ins.
Lent by Charles Cundall, Esq., R.A.

57 **Salvation Army Shelter** (*c. 1944*)
$7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ ins.
Lent by W. A. Sillence, Esq.

58 **Portrait of Vincent van Gogh**
Pen and watercolour. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Lent by Mrs. P. Cowlard.

## LITHOGRAPHS AND ETCHINGS

Lent by Vincent Lines, Esq.

59 **The Ratcatcher** (*1907*)
Lithograph. $11\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ ins.

60 **The Man on the Hill** (*c. 1912*)
Lithograph heightened with white.
$11\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

61 **The Morris Dancer.** (*c. 1913*)
Coloured lithograph. $17 \times 11\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

62 **The Bear Gates, Traquair House, near Peebles** (*c. 1914*)
Lithograph. $11 \times 15\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

63 **Portrait of J. Tanner** (*c. 1924*)
Coloured lithograph. $11\frac{1}{4} \times 9$ ins.

64 **Yare Nets on the Dee, Kirkcudbright** (*c. 1928*)
Etching. $7 \times 10$ ins.

65 **The Bell-Ringers** (*c. 1928*)
Lithograph. $15\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

66 **The Hurdle-Maker** (*c. 1928*)
Etching. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

67 **Dunstable in the Snow** (*c. 1930*)
Lithograph. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{16}$ ins.

68 **Portrait** (*c. 1930*)
Coloured lithograph. $14\frac{3}{4} \times 10$ ins.

69 **The Wassail-Bowl** (*c. 1931*)
Lithograph. $12 \times 16$ ins.

70 **Putney Bridge** (*c. 1932*)
Lithograph. $9 \times 12$ ins.

71 **Portrait of A. S. Hartrick** by **Vincent Lines** (*1947*)
Watercolour and chalk. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
Lent by Lady Patricia Ramsay.

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